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The POPE Haunted with *Ghosts*, in Relation to Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey's Murther*, and the late Sainted Traytors, *The Figures being by the Verses at large Explained.*

Nuncio.

Horrors and Death! what dismal Sights Invade
His Nightly Slumbers, who in Blood does Trade.
Hear how they Curse him all, but he who fell
Great Brittains Sacrifice by Imps of Hell;

1. Pope.

How do my Eye-Balls Roul, and Blood run back,
What Tortures at this sight my Conscience Rack;
Oh! Mountains now fall on me, some deep Cave
Pitty me once, and prove my Speedy Grave,

2. Fiend.

By Hells Grim King's *Comand, on whom I wait*
I've brought your Saint his Story to relate;
His Torments, and the Horrid Cheat condole,
You fix'd on him to Rob him of his Soul.

1. Pope.

Oh! spare my Ears I'le no such Horrors hear;

3. Coleman.

You must, and know your own Damnation's near
You must e're long be Plung'd in Grizly Flame
Which I shall Laugh to see, tho' Rack'd w^th. pain

1. Pope.

Horrors! tis Dismal, I can hear no more,
O! Hell and Furies, how I have lost my Pow'r

4. Sir E. Godfrey.

See Sir this Crimson Stain, this baleful Wound
See Murther'd me, with Joys Eternal Crown'd
From Sacred Bliss my Swift-Wing'd Soul did glide
Conducted hither by my Angel-Guide,
To let thee know thy Sands are almost run,
And that thy Thread of Life *is well nigh Spun;*
Repent you then, Wash off the Bloody Stain,
Or You'l be Doom'd to Everlasting Pain.

5. Angel.

Come Worthy of Seraphick Joys Above,
Worthy Our Converse, and our Sacred Love;
Come let us hence, and leave him to his Fate,
When Divine Vengeance shall ỹ Busines State

1. Pope.

Chill Horror seizes me, I cannot flye;
Oh Ghastly! yet more Apparitions, nigh.

6. Whitebread.

Thus wandring through ỹ gloomy Shades at last
I've found Thee, Traytor, that my Joys did blast,
The half what we Endure no Tongue can Tell;
The Endles Tortures wee Endure in Hell,
This for a Bishoprick *I undergo,*
But now would give Earths Empire *were't not so.*

1. Pope.

Retire, good Ghosts, or I shall Dye with Fear

7. Harcourt.

Nay Stay Sir, first you must my Story hear:
How cou'd you thus Delude your Bosome Friend,
Your Foes to Heaven, *and us to Hell thus send;*
Damnation seize you for't, ere long you'l be
Plung'd Head long into vast Eternity;

1. Pope.

Ho! Cardinals and Bishops hast with Speed,
Bell, Book, and Candle fetch, let me be freed:
Ah! 'tis too late, by Fear Intranc'd I lye,

8. Bishop.

Heard you that Groans with speed from hence let's flye

9. Cardinal.

The Fiend has got him, doubtless let's away,
And in this ghastly place no longer stay.

FINIS.

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